

"Why Ain't God Nice in the Winter?"

in, and that when his mother found him, there were only the tips of his toes sticking above the milk, and he was dead; they will forget to eat their cake until you are through.

We see from this, in the second place, that stories are interesting to children because they give scope to the imagination. This wonderful faculty is very vigorous in childhood, and its exercise gives unalloyed delight. Now, when you tell the children a story, their minds are busy making the mental pictures (moving pictures) of what you are telling—the mother hen and the other chicks in the grass, the little truant, the great pail of milk, the chicken standing on its brim, and then wobbling, with tiny wings outspread, then a great plunge that sends milk-waves chasing each other to all sides of the pail, and then the poor drowned chick, all drenched and limp—See what a series of pictures passes over the canvas of the childish imagination!

Again, stories are interesting because they deal with the doings of individuals, and have in them the element of personal adventure. Masses stagger and overwhelm the child-mind; general principles are hard to grasp; but the doings and sufferings of individuals they can understand. And so the child follows Alice through Wonderland, and Tom the Water Baby in his maritime adventures, and Red Riding Hood to her grandmother's cottage, and the lad Joseph away to Dothan, and down into the pit, and down into Egypt, with absorbed interest, whereas he could not follow a great national movement, such as the Federal Union in South Africa.

The child can project himself into the experience of other individual persons. He can put himself in the place of Alice or Tom or Joseph or Red Riding Hood, to a certain extent. And this is why the doings of these persons take such a grip of him, while the political interests of the Transvaal or the Cape Colony of course utterly fail to do so.

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By Esther Miller MacGregor

The winter days had come, and the four-year-old boy sat at the window, disconsolately watching the fluttering snowflakes. He

had lived out of doors during the days of the past summer, and had a wonderful fund of baby knowledge concerning polly-wogs and trilliums and robins, and looked upon these little ones of nature as his comrades.

But now, November was here, and his mother, mindful of last winter's croup, had warned him that henceforth his outdoor life must be limited. His days of liberty would return with the bees and the dandelions.

And so he was feeling very sad indeed. He had been cut off, by the cruelty of nature, from what he had come to believe was his birthright. It was like having a dear play-mate turn upon one and say she did not love him any more. And moreover, God had given him all the pretty things of summer, mother had taught him. They were the signs of His love. And now God did not love him any more either, it seemed.

Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them away silently with his pinafore, remembering that he was a very big boy now and must not be seen crying. His mother saw the grief on the little face, and took him into her arms.

He looked up at her through his tears, and uttered the question that had been harrassing his little soul.

"Why ain't God nice in the winter, like He is in the summer?" He had come very early to enquire into the mysteries of God's providence. His faith was at its first Hill Difficulty. Fortunately for him, his mother divined the depth of his trouble. She saw that the situation needed careful handling.

So she took him close to the window, and showed him the lily bud they had planted last spring, and which the snow was fast covering. She told him the wonderful fairy tale of those baby lily buds sleeping snugly away down in the warm earth, and bade him watch how gently and kindly the dear heavenly Father was covering them with His great blanket, just as mother tucked her boy up in his crib on cold nights.

That was a day of revelation to the boy. This was a greater discovery than the robin's nest in their orchard last May. He steadily grew to be more and more nature's comrade. With his mother as interpreter, he was able to sympathize with all her moods, and learn-